Rich. Then give me leave to goe.
Bul. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Bul. Goe some of you convey him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bul. On wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selves. *Exeunt.*
Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come, the children yet un-borne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
What ever I shall happen to devise.
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares,
Come home with me to supper, ile lay a plot
Shall shew us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Cæsars* ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious Earth
Have any resting for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard and Gard.
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke up; behold.
That you in pitty may dissolve to dew,

And wash him fresh againe with tru
Ah thou the modell where old Tr
Thou map of honour, thou King
And not King *Richard*: thou mos
Why should hard-favor'd griefe b
When triumph is become an Ale-h
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, fai
To make my end too sudden; lear
To thinke our former State a happ
From which awak'd, the truth of
Shewes us but this. I am sworne B
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keepe a League till Death. H
And Cloyster thee in some Religio
Our holy lives must win a new w
Which our prophane houres here
Qu. What, is my *Richard* both
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hat
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth
And wounds the earth, if nothing
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thc
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse
And fawne on rage with base hum
Which art a Lyon, and a King of
Rich. A King of beasts indeed,
I had beene still a happy King of
Good (sometime Queene) prepar
Thinke I am dead, and that even
As from my death-bed, my last liv
In winters teadious night sit by
With good old folkes, and let th
Of woefull ages, long agoe betic
And ere thou bid goodnight, to
Tell thou the lamentable fall of
And send the hearers weeping to
For why? the senceless Brands w
The heavy accent of my moving

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